



SYNOPSIS.

The story is told by Nicholas Trist. His chief, Senator John Calhoun, offered the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He is told by Dr. Ward that his time is short. Calhoun declares that he is not ready to die, and if he accepts Tyler's offer it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Mexico through Baroness Von Ritz, secret spy and reputed mistress of the English ambassador Pakenham. Nicholas is sent to bring the baroness to Calhoun's apartments, and while searching for the baroness' house a carriage dashes up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, who says she is being pursued. The pursuers are shaken off. Nicholas is invited into the house and delivers Calhoun's message. He notes that the baroness has lost a slipper. Nicholas is given the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun everything. He gives her as security an Indian trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Elizabeth's father consents to Nicholas's proposal for her hand. Nicholas is ordered to leave at once for Montreal on state business, and decides to be married that night. Calhoun becomes secretary of state. Tyler warns Pakenham that interference by England in the affairs of this continent will not be tolerated. The west demands that the joint occupancy of Oregon with Great Britain cease, and has raised the cry of "Fifty-four, Forty or Fight." The baroness tells Nicholas she will do her best to prevent his marriage. She returns the trinket and he promises to return her slipper. Nicholas enlists the services of Congressman Dandridge, a rejected suitor of Elizabeth's, to assist in the arrangements for the wedding and entrusts him with the return of the slipper to the baroness. The congressman gets drunk and sends the slipper to Elizabeth. The wedding is declared off, and Nicholas is ordered from the house by Elizabeth's father. Nicholas is ordered to gain access to a meeting of the Hudson Bay directors in Montreal and learn England's intentions regarding Oregon.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Other Woman.

The world is the book of women.—Rousseau.

I needed not to be advised that presently there would be a meeting of some of the leading men of the Hudson Bay Company at the little gray stone, dormer-windowed building on Notre Dame street. For myself, it was out of the question to gain admittance.

In those days all Montreal was iron-shuttered after nightfall, resembling a series of jails; and to-night it seemed doubly screened and guarded. None the less, late in the evening, I allowed seeming accident to lead me in a certain direction. Passing as often as I might up and down Notre Dame street without attracting attention, I saw more than one figure in the semi-darkness enter the low chateau door. Occasionally a tiny gleam showed at the edge of a shutter or at the top of some little window not full screened. As to what went on within I could only guess.

I passed the chateau, up and down, at different times from nine o'clock until midnight. The streets of Montreal at that time made brave pretense of lighting by virtue of the new gas works; at certain intervals flickering and wholly incompetent lights served to make the gloom more visible. None the less, as I passed for the last time, I plainly saw a shaft of light fall upon the half darkness from a little side door. There emerged upon the street the figure of a woman. I do not know what led me to cast a second glance, for certainly my business was not with ladies, any more than I would have supposed ladies had business there; but, victim of some impulse of curiosity, I walked a step or two in the same direction as that taken by the cloaked figure.

Careless as I endeavored to make my movements, the veiled lady seemed to take suspicion or fright. She quickened her steps. Accident favored me. Even as she fled, she caught her skirt on some object which lay hidden in the shadows and fell almost at full length. This I conceived to be opportunity warranting my approach. I raised my hat and assured her that her flight was needless.

She made no direct reply to me, but as she rose gave utterance to an expression of annoyance. "Mon Dieu!" I heard her say.

I stood for a moment trying to recall where I had heard this same voice! She turned her face in such a way that the light illuminated it. Then indeed surprise smote me.

"Madam Baroness," said I laughing, "it is wholly impossible for you to be here, yet you are here! Never again will I say there is no such thing as chance, no such thing as fate, no such thing as a miracle!"

She looked at me one brief moment; then her courage returned.

"Ah, then, my idiot," she said, "since it is to be our fortune always to meet of dark nights and in impossible ways, give me your arm."

I laughed. "We may as well make treaty. If you run again, I shall only follow you."

"Then I am again your prisoner?" "Madam, I am again yours!"

"At least, you improve!" said she. "Then come."

"Shall I not call a cateche?—the night is dark."

"No, no!" hurriedly.

We began a midnight course that took us quite across the old French quarter of Montreal. At last she turned into a small, dark street of modest one-story residences, iron-shut-

54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH



I Walked a Step or Two in the Same Direction as That Taken by the Cloaked Figure.

tered, dark and cheerless. Here she paused in front of a narrow iron gate. "Madam," I said, "you represent to me one of the problems of my life. Why does your taste run to such quarters as these? This might be that same back street in Washington!"

She chuckled to herself, at length laughed aloud. "But wait! If you entered my abode once," she said, "why not again? Come."

Her hand was at the heavy knocker as she spoke. In a moment the door slowly opened, just as it had done that night before in Washington. My companion passed before me swiftly. As she entered I saw standing at the opening the same brown and wrinkled old dame who had served that night before in Washington!

For an instant the light dazzled my eyes, but determined now to see this adventure through, I stepped within. Then, indeed, I found it difficult to stifle the exclamation of surprise which came to my lips. Believe it or not, as you like, we were again in Washington!

I say that I was confronted by the identical arrangement, the identical objects of furnishing, which had marked the luxurious boudoir of Helena von Ritz in Washington! The tables were the same, the chairs, the mirrors, the consoles. On the mantel stood the same grandioles with glittering crystals. The pictures upon the walls, so far as I could remember their themes, did not deviate in any particular of detail or arrangement. The oval-backed chairs were duplicates of those I had seen that other night at midnight. Beyond these same amber satin curtains stood the tall bed with its canopy, as I could see; and here at the right was the same low Napoleon bed with its rolled ends. The figures of the carpets were the same, their deep-piled richness, soft under foot, the same. The flowered cups of the sconces were identical with those I had seen before.

"You are good enough to admire my modest place," said a laughing voice at my shoulder.

I turned to her then, pulling myself together as best I could. Yes, she too was the same, although in this case costumed somewhat differently. The wide ball gown of satin was gone, and in its place was a less pretentious robing of some darker silk. No pale blue fires shone at her white throat, and her hands were ringless. But the light, firm poise of her figure could not be changed; the mockery of her glance remained the same, half laughing and half wistful.

In some way which I did not pause to analyze, I felt perfectly sure that this strange woman could, if she cared to do so, tell me some of the things I ought to know. She might be here on some errand identical with my own. Calhoun had sent for her once before. Whose agent was she now? I found chairs for us both.

An instant later, summoned in what way, I do not know, the old serving-woman again reappeared. "Wine, Threlks," said the baroness; "service for two—you may use this little table,

monseigneur," she added, turning to me, "I am most happy to make even some slight return for the very gracious entertainment offered me that morning by Mr. Calhoun at his residence. Such a droll man! Oh, la! la!"

"Are you his friend, madam?" I asked blithely. "Why should I not be?"

"I saw her dark eyes study me once more. At last she spoke again. 'At least,' she said, 'it would be rather vulgar if I did not explain some of the things which become your right to know when I ask you to come into this home, as into my other home in Washington.'"



"Always one gains by offering some equivalent, value for value—especially with women, monsieur."

She went on as though to herself. "Come, now, I fancy him! He is handsome, he is discreet, he has courage, he is not usual, he is not curious; but ah, mon Dieu, what a fool!"

"Admit me to be a fool, madam, since it is true; but tell me in my folly what equivalent I can offer one who has everything in the world—wealth, taste, culture, education, wit, learning, beauty?"

"Go on! Excellent!" "Who has everything as against my nothing! What value, madam?"

"Why, gentle idiot, to get an answer ask a question, always." "I have asked it."

"But you cannot guess that I might ask one? So, then, one answer, for another, we might do—what you Americans call some business—eh? Will you answer my question?"

"Ask it, then." "Were you married—that other night?"

So, then, she was woman after all, and curious! I pulled myself into control and looked her fair in the face.

"Madam," I said, "look at my face and read your own answer." She looked, searching me, while every nerve of me tingled; but at last she shook her head. "No," she sighed. "I cannot yet say."

I raised my kerchief over my head. "A truce, then, madam! Let us leave the one question against the other for a time."

"Excellent! I shall get my answer first, in that case, and for nothing." "How so?"

"I shall only watch you. As we are here now, I were a fool, worse than you, if I could not tell whether or not you are married. None the less, I commend you, I admire you, because you do not tell me. If you are not, you are disappointed. If you are, you are eager!"

"I am in any case delighted that I can interest madam." "Ah, but you do! I have not been interested, for so long! Ah, the great heavens, how fat was Mr. Pakenham, how thin was Mr. Calhoun! But you—come, monsieur, the night is long. Tell me of yourself. I have never before known a savage."

"Value for value only, madam! Will you tell me in turn of yourself?" I saw her dark eyes study me once more. At last she spoke again. "At least," she said, "it would be rather vulgar if I did not explain some of the things which become your right to know when I ask you to come into this home, as into my other home in Washington."

"In Heaven's name, how many of these homes have you, then? Are they all alike?"

"Five only now," she replied, in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world, "and, of course, all quite alike." "Where else?"

"In Paris, in Vienna, in London," she answered. "You see this one, you see them all. They serve, they suffice. This little scheme it has pleased me to reproduce in some of the capitals of the world. It is at least as well chosen as the taste of the prince of Orleans, son of Louis Philippe, could advise."

This with no change of expression. I drew a long breath.

She went on as though I had spoken. "My friend," she said, "do not despise me too early. There is abundant time. Before you judge, let the testimony be heard."

"I am not your judge, madam, but it will be long before I shall think a harsh thought of you. Tell me what a secret agent may not. I ask no promises and make none. You are very beautiful. You have wealth. I call you, 'madam.' You are married?"

"I was married at 15." "At 15! And your husband died?" "He disappeared."

"Your own country was Austria?" "Call me anything but Austrian! I left my country because I saw there only oppression and lack of hope. No, I am Hungarian."

"I should guess then perhaps you went to Paris?" "Of course," she said, "of course! In time reasons existed why I should not return to my home. I had some little fortune, some singular experience, some ambitions of my own. What I did, I did. At least, I saw the best and worst of Europe."

"I have heard vaguely of some such things, madam," I said. "I know that in Europe they have still the fight which we sought to settle when we left that country for this one."

She nodded. "So then, at last," she went on, "still young, having learned something and having now those means of carrying on my studies which I required, I came to this last of the countries, America, where, if anywhere, hope for mankind remains. Washington has impressed me more than any capital of the world."

"How long have you been in Washington?" I asked.

"TO BE CONTINUED"

EXONERATE OIL CO. PUBLISHER OF HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE RETRACTS ACCUSATION AGAINST STANDARD. ARTICLE CAUSED LIBEL SUIT. Hampton's and Moffett Declare Upon Investigation Oil Company is Not Connected With Sale of Impure Candles.

New York.—In the matter of the libel suits brought by the Standard Oil company for \$250,000 damages against Hampton's Magazine and for \$100,000 damages against Cleveland Moffett, the former the publisher, and the latter the writer, of an article in the February issue of the magazine which defamed the company in connection with the sale of glucose and candy in Philadelphia, the following retractions have been signed in the office of Shearman & Sterling, the Standard Oil company's lawyers in the case, and have been issued from the company's offices at No. 26 Broadway: "Hampton's Magazine, 66 West Thirty-fifth St., New York, Jan. 31, 1911. "Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, New York.

"Dear Sirs: In the February issue of Hampton's Magazine there was published an article written by me, entitled, 'Cassidy and the Food Poisoners.' In that article I referred to the investigation of Mr. Cassidy, with respect to the manufacture and sale of impure candles in Philadelphia, and made the statement that your company manufactured and sold impure material which went into these candles and that, when the various dealers were arrested and fined, at the instance of Mr. Cassidy, your company paid the fines.

"Upon investigation I have ascertained that your company was in no way concerned with the transactions referred to and I hasten to retract in the fullest manner all charges made against your company and to express my sincere regret that I should have fallen into this serious error. Yours truly, Cleveland Moffett."

"Jan. 31, 1911. "Standard Oil Company, New York City.

"Dear Sirs: Referring to foregoing letter of Mr. Cleveland Moffett to you, we beg to state that we are convinced that Mr. Moffett was in error in his statements with reference to your company. We greatly regret that these errors should have been made. It is the desire of Hampton's Magazine to be accurate and fair in all things. In our March number we will publish this letter and the foregoing letter of Mr. Moffett. Yours truly, Benj. B. Hampton, President, Broadway Magazine, Inc."

MUST TELL GRAFT STORY Danville Judge Orders Prosecutor to Answer All Questions Put by Jury in Bribe Quiz.

Danville, Ill.—Judge Kimbrough in the circuit court handed down a decision in the case of City Attorney Jones, who declined to answer certain questions regarding vote selling and buying which the grand jury put to him.

The court instructed Jones to answer all questions. The opinion stated that, according to a decision of the Supreme court of the United States, a witness before the grand jury is immune from indictment. The court also held that the city election law is unconstitutional, which means that Jones cannot be questioned about happenings more than eighteen months ago.

This means that the investigation will continue until all the witnesses now summoned are examined. It is said that many indictments have been voted, but whether they are for vote selling is not known.

VOLCANO'S TOLL IS 700 Five Thousand Families in Philippines Have Been Wholly Ruined By Disaster.

Washington.—The eruption of Teal volcano and the accompanying disturbances in the Philippines killed 700 people in the town of Talisay, according to the report of the governor of Batangas province, which was cabled to the war department by Governor General Forbes of the Philippine Islands.

The earthquake shocks continue, the governor general added. Five thousand families have been ruined by the disaster.

The Philippine authorities are face to face with the absolute necessity of adopting relief measures in order to avoid suffering, as the falling mud and lava destroyed the crops within a considerable radius of the volcano.

DECIES HONEYMOON IN EGYPT Vivien Gould, After Wedding to English Lord, Will Take Trip to Africa.

New York.—It is announced that Lord and Lady Decies, the latter now Miss Vivien Gould, who are to be married February 7, will spend their honeymoon in Egypt. They will leave America February 18 by the Cunard liner Carmania. In Egypt they will spend a few days in Cairo and then visit notable points in upper Egypt.

RHEUMATISM Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves pain in the legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints. Contains no morphine, opium, cocaine or drugs to deaden the pain. It neutralizes the acid and drives out all rheumatic poisons from the system. Write Prof. Munyon, 634 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., for medical advice, absolutely free.

PERFECT HEALTH. Tutt's Pills keep the system in perfect order. They regulate the bowels and produce A VIGOROUS BODY. Cure sick headache, constipation and malaria. Tutt's Pills

TOO MUCH FOR THE CORPSE Exhibition of Meanness That Galvanized the "Dead" Irishman Into Indignant Life.

"Don't be mean in your offerings," said T. P. O'Connor, in a plea in New York for the Irish cause. "The Irish can't stand meanness."

"No, no; the Irish can't stand meanness. Take O'Grady's case. You know, in Ireland, some 60 or 70 years ago, when a poor family lacked a coffin they made the corpse beg for it.

"This custom, alas! sometimes led to imposture. Thus, Thirsty O'Grady and his friends wanted money badly once, and O'Grady was assigned to act the corpse. So they laid him on a bier outside the door and they put a pewter plate beside him for the pennies.

"As O'Grady lay there, so still, with closed eyes, an old woman stopped and dropped sixpence into the plate. Then she began to take out change. A penny, twopenny, threepenny she took out, and O'Grady couldn't stand such meanness. Corpse as he was, he said:

"Arrah, now, don't mind the change!"—Washington Star.

It Wasn't a Fire. The principal of one of the New York East Side night schools was enrolling a new pupil, who was togged out in a suit of clothes so new that it hurt him. Just before the boy came in the principal had heard the sound of fire engines in the street.

"What is your name?" the principal asked the lad.

"Tom Dugan," was the reply. "Where was the fire, Tommy?" asked the principal as he wrote down the name. There was no reply; only a scowl.

"I say, where was the fire?" repeated the principal.

"Don't git any wit me," was the somewhat gawking answer. "Dere wasn't no fire, see? I bought dis here suit and I paid seven-fifty for it."

Great Baseball Play. "What was the greatest baseball play you ever saw?" asked a friend of Governor-elect John W. Tener.

"The greatest play I ever saw," said he, "took place in an amateur game on a town lot at Charleroi. The teams were playing on a wet field and an outfielder who wore a derby hat went after a high fly. He came to a little pond and taking his eye off the ball made a jump to cross it. As he was leaping the ball struck him on the head, went through the crown of his hat and lodged there. The base runner was out and the fielder had not touched the ball with his hands. Can you beat it?"—Washington Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Health and Natural Conditions Come From Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over 40 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation, and its attendant evils.

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result.

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.